Dirty Boy

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Dirty Boy

by ficksuck (fs30)

Summary

Stan comes home after a “business trip”, only to find that his brother-husband (brusband) hasn’t showered the entire time he was away. But don’t worry, Stan takes care of Ford after some light teasing.

(This fic is old!)

Notes

Hi! I hope you like my cute fic. This was written before the finale aired, but I can’t remember exactly when. It must have been sometime in 2015, maybe 2016. For sure, Obama was the president at the time. Coincidence?

I couldn’t resist changing a few words here and there while I was proofreading this, because I’m stupid (affectionate). I did have to stop myself from changing too much. This is a simple story with a simple premise: Ford smells.

See the end of the work for more notes

Three days.

Every once in a while, Stan liked to take a short trip to Vegas with the intent of relieving the city of some of its money. As much as he would have enjoyed having Ford there with him to witness how much of a pro he was at poker, his brother had elected to stay at the Shack because he was “behind on his research.” Stan was a little disappointed, but he quickly got over it. After all, they would be together again in three short days.

Stan pulled into the driveway, his heart light even though he had only made two hundred dollars. He had won a couple grand initially, but as always he got cocky and ended up gambling most of his winnings away. The Vegas atmosphere always seemed to get to him, and it was easy to feel invincible after a few wins. Actually, it was a miracle that Stan had taken home any money at all. Usually his only souvenirs where the towels, soaps, and robes he stole from the hotel room.

It didn’t matter. Stan was home, he had two crisp Benjamins in his pocket, and he was ready for some “welcome home” nookie. He lingered on the porch for a moment, letting his imagination run wild. He envisioned walking into the gilded foyer of his mansion, the crystal chandelier reflecting off the sequins of Ford’s sultry red gown as he reclined on the grand piano. He was delicately holding a champagne flute in one hand (filled with the finest Rich People Water), while the other beckoned him to come hither. Stan chuckled to himself as he finally unlocked the rickety front door, suitcase in tow. Ford probably couldn’t wait to jump his bones.

“Lucy, I’m home!” he announced, shutting the door behind him and setting his luggage on the worn wooden floor. He placed his hands on his hips, smiling widely as he waited for his brother to come greet him. He waited for an entire minute. Nothing.

“Ford?” he called, peeking into the kitchen. “I’m home!” He wasn’t in the living room, either. “Don’t you wanna ride on the ol' Stan-o-War?” No answer.

Ah well, the nerd was probably holed up somewhere doing nerd things. Stan shrugged and continued the search, refusing to be discouraged. He thought he’d check Ford’s room next, but when he knocked on the door he received no reply. He decided to check inside the room anyway before walking all the way down to the basement.

He was immediately smacked in the face by a cloud of concentrated body odor. It kind of stung his eyes. His face wrinkled into a wince as he scanned the darkened room, finding Ford sleeping in a sitting position on the couch. His head was lolled back and his snoring mouth was agape, drool trailing down his unshaven chin. An open laptop teetered precariously on his thighs as he snoozed, and… where those cobwebs connecting his body to the couch? Stan gawked at him, somehow disbelieving but also not surprised.

"Okay Sixer, it's time for you to wake up," Stan said brusquely as he flipped on the light. Ford lurched forward with a startled gasp, sending his laptop crashing to the floor.

"Who's there! Stanley?" The disheveled man squinted at his brother before bending over to retrieve the fallen computer. "You know that you're only supposed to wake me gently," he lectured. "What if I had attacked you?" He placed the laptop on the couch beside him, and then folded his hands in his lap, suddenly all business. "Anyway, welcome home. Did you bring dinner?"

"Uh, no. I was actually kind of hoping that you would have been waiting for me with dinner already made. Maybe some romantic candlelight, some rose petals, I don't know." Ford rolled his eyes.

"Yes, that definitely sounds like something I would do. Sorry to let you down," he scoffed, having the absolute nerve to act haughty when his hair was a rat's nest and his clothes (the same clothes he was wearing when Stan left) were a wrinkled, stinking mess. Stan scowled at him.

"From the looks of it, you haven't left this room the entire time I was gone. By the way, this place is a styhole." Stan cast his eyes judgmentally at the floor, which was littered with ratty old books, messy piles of papers, and empty soda cans. "What the—have you been whizzing in that bottle?" He pointed at the 48 oz plastic bottle by Ford's feet, which was filled three-quarters of the way with a suspicious amber liquid.

"What? Of course not! Don't be crude!" Ford sputtered, his eyes wide with outrage. "That's just an energy drink I made. For focus." Stan narrowed his eyes at him.

“An energy drink.”

“Yes.”

“That you *made*.”

“Yes!!”

“Drink some.”

“…I don’t need to prove anything to you,” Ford said evenly, his frown deepening. “Honestly, just what do you take me for?”

As if on cue, a large housefly flew through the musky air and landed on his stubbly cheek. Ford reflexively swatted the creature with his hand, smashing it onto his face. He then rubbed his hand on his shabby trench-coat, smearing that with fly residue as well. The fact that he had just proven his brother’s point then seemed to dawn on him, leaving him somewhat shamefaced as he refused to meet Stan’s eyes.

Stan just stared at him, appalled for a moment before sighing and pinching the bridge of his nose. Had his brother always been this nasty? He seemed to remember Ford being somewhat fastidious when they were kids, at least compared to him. Although, when they were pent-up hormonal teens, he used to keep a crusty “stress relief” sock under his pillow. Stan wondered briefly if he still did that.

“Look. Stanford. *Buddy*. You’re the light of my life, so when I say this, I hope you know that I don’t mean to cause offense.” He paused to clear his throat. “You look like you just crawled out of a cave. You smell like if an armpit could fart. You reek so bad I can smell you from all the way across the room!”

“Stanley…” Ford warned.

“No, no, let me finish. I know that we’re both filthy old men, and believe me, I understand the appeal of slobbing it up when you’re home alone. Hell, this wifebeater I’m wearing has barf stains on it that never washed out, and I refuse to buy a new one. You know I’m not a neat freak, Stanford. But this. *This!* This is disgraceful!!”

Stan stood in the door frame, his arms outstretched and gesturing to the entire room. Ford seemed a bit taken aback by his diatribe, his mouth hanging open slightly as he stared up at Stan. Then, he turned his face to the side and crossed his arms.

“I suppose it’s true that I’m due for a wash. However, there’s no need for you to exaggerate so much. And I don’t appreciate your holier-than-thou tone, especially since I saw you eat a slice of pizza that fell on the floor last week.”

“Hey! That pizza was still good!”

“It fell face down.”

“Yeah, well, we don’t waste food in this house. Anyway, I think we’re getting off track here. You need a shower, like, yesterday.”

Ford then faced Stan, his eyes all indignant defiance.

“You can’t tell me what to do, Stanley. You are not our mother.”

“There’s a fly wing stuck to your cheek.” This observation earned Stan a reproachful glare as Ford wiped his face with his sleeve. The man was clearly embarrassed, and while Stan had half a mind to tell him that his shame was well-deserved, he also felt a little guilty for being so harsh. He didn’t want his brother to feel bad, he just wanted him to not smell bad. He also wanted to get laid.

“Tell you what. I’ve been in the car all day, and I could use a nice soak. You’re welcome to join me, if you want. And hey! After you’re clean, I might even do that thing you like.” Stan smiled rakishly at Ford, figuring that he’d have a better shot at getting his way if he was sweet about it.

“What thing?” Ford asked skeptically.

“You know, that thing that involves me putting my tongue in a very *special* place? I’d only consider doing it after a good scrub-down.” The corners of Stan's mouth quirked into a grin when Ford's eyebrows shot into his hairline.

“I see. I will meet you in the bathroom shortly.”

“Sounds good.”

~*~

Three days.

They had seemed to come and go in the blink of an eye. Ford had been excited to have the house to himself, with nothing to distract him as he did as he pleased. He ended up spending most of his time glued to his new laptop, marveling at the wonders of the “information super highway.”

Although he was skeptical at first, it turned out that having an enormous archive of human knowledge at his fingertips was actually pretty neat. Of course, it was nothing compared to the mind-blowing existential wonders he had witnessed across the multiverse, but it was still incredibly interesting. (Why were there so many websites about feet? Weird.)

Humans could be such fascinating creatures, and the internet laid bare all of humanity’s accomplishments and sins. Ford found that he could not look away.

As usual, time got away from him. The awful truth was that he hadn't showered in at least a week, but with Stan gone he had been so wrapped up in his "studies" that he had forgotten to apply the special anti-bacterial deodorant spray he had invented. Stan had always been the one to get him out of his head and back to reality, and the reality was that he was pretty ripe.

Ford frowned to himself as he stripped out of his grungy clothes. He hated feeling so self-conscious, but he supposed that he brought it on himself. Once out of his turtleneck, he lifted his arm so he could give his armpit a cautious sniff.

"Sweet Moses!" he swore, reeling from the stench. Had he any food in his stomach, he might have thrown a bit of it up. "Stanford Pines, you have got to get your shit together."

No longer content to dawdle, Ford steeled himself and began the journey to the bathroom. The air felt cool on his naked flesh and dotted it with goosebumps. When he poked his head through the bathroom door, he saw that Stan was already relaxing in a rather impressive bubble bath. The lights were dimmed, and a few tealights flickered on the top of the toilet tank lid. Ever the showman, he had even gone through the trouble of putting on some cheesy mood music. Stan looked up at him and flashed him a toothy grin.

"Hey there, stinky! Care to join me?" Stan gave the surface of the water a small splash in invitation. So much for romantic. Ford hesitated for only a moment before entering the warm room and closing the door behind him. He didn't miss the way his brother's eyes roved over his unwashed body, and he felt another wave of vulnerability roll over him.

"Are you sure you want to share a bath with me? Perhaps it would be better if I took one after you're finished."

"Oh, don't be that way. The water's great! Besides, there's enough soap in here to cut through that layer of filth you call a second skin." Stan held up an almost empty bottle of dish soap and gave it a wheezing squeeze. Ford sighed in resignation, annoyed by the mockery but knowing that he wasn't in any position to defend himself. He gingerly crawled into the hot bath, seating himself between Stan's legs so that he was facing away from him.

"There. Doesn't that feel good?" Stan cooed. Ford only hummed in response.

Stan set to work immediately, pouring a cup of warm water over his head. He gently worked a generous dollop of shampoo into his greasy mop of hair, massaging his scalp with skilled fingers. He then took a lathered loofah to his underarms, scrubbing them thoroughly before working on his back. As his hands moved south, Ford took the loofah from him, insisting that he could wash *that* part by himself. Stan shrugged, opting to rinse out the shampoo instead.

"So, what do you have against bathing, anyway?" Stan asked conversationally as he applied some coconut-scented conditioner.

"Nothing whatsoever. I like bathing. It's just… I often feel like I don't have time for such a luxury. I get so caught up in my work."

"That's your excuse for everything," Stan admonished tenderly. "You know, if I wasn't around you'd probably die. They'd find your skeleton hunched over an encyclopedia of obscure goblin trivia. Your obituary would read: 'Stanford Pines: death by nerdiness'."

"I'm not so sure that I appreciate that," Ford huffed as Stan continued to scrub him. "Don't forget that I survived on my own for 30 years beyond that portal. I didn't need you to watch over me." Ford pursed his lips, realizing that his wounded pride was leading him to be too harsh.

"I know that, had you been by my side, you would have gladly done everything in your power to protect me," he added softly. "From danger, and from myself. Just like always."

"That's 'cause I don't want you to just survive, Poindexter," Stan replied without missing a beat. "I want you to be comfortable, rested, well-fed, and clean." He wrapped his burly arms around his torso, resting his chin on his shoulder. "And I definitely don't want you to be '*on your own.'* You deserve to be happy."

Ford swallowed the lump in his throat, not wanting to get sappy when he was already feeling humbled enough. The truth was that, deep down, he didn't really believe that he deserved a brother as devoted as Stanley. He was pulled out of his glum introspection when he noticed that Stan's hands had gotten restless.

“I think you had ulterior motives for getting me in this tub,” Ford chided affectionately. He could feel Stan smirk against his shoulder as he dragged his fingers upward to toy with his chest.

“Oh, I wouldn't call my motivation *ulterior.”* Stan pinched his nipples, earning a gasp from Ford. “I think I've been pretty upfront.”

Ford sighed through his nose, taking one of Stan’s eager hands and guiding it under the water. He was half-hard already, and it didn't take long for Stan to take him where he needed to be. He leaned into his brother's sturdy frame, his eyes fluttering shut. His mind felt blissfully blank, focusing only on the physical pleasure and gentle warmth all around him. He hadn’t felt this relaxed in days.

When he woke up, he found himself in Stan’s bed, his hair wrapped up in a towel and his body clothed in his brother’s plushest robe.

~*~

Stan hummed to himself as he poured a pot of steaming spaghetti noodles into the colander. As he turned to give the spicy meat sauce another stir, he spotted his brother leaning against the entryway of the kitchen.

“Oh, good! You’re right on time. Have a seat, and I’ll dish you up a plate.”

“Smells good,” Ford said softly, opting to forgo the chair in favor of walking up to him. “And… familiar.”

“It’s Ma’s recipe. I haven’t made it in a while, but I was in the mood.” He gave the sauce one more stir and turned off the heat.

“Speaking of things that smell good…” Stan buried his nose into his brother’s fluffy, still slightly damp hair, giving it an exaggerated whiff. “Ahhh! *Much* better!”

Ford gently punched him on the shoulder, his mouth smirking but his eyes looking a tad sheepish.

They enjoyed each other’s company in quietude for a few moments as Stan served up the plates and Ford fixed them both a tall glass of ice water. As they seated themselves at the table, Ford broke the silence.

“By the way, when did I fall asleep?”

“Oh man, you conked out as soon as you reached your ‘happy ending.’ Out like a light.”

“Ah. Sorry about that,” Ford said distractedly, already working on his pasta. “Oh. *Oh, god.* This is really good.”

“Don’t worry about it, Sixer! You can make it up to me after dinner.” Stan twirled some noodles onto his fork. “After all, I never got a proper 'welcome home’ from you. I already took two aspirin powders in preparation.”

“You didn’t pull your back carrying me to your bed, did you?” Ford asked between large mouthfuls. He was really wolfing it down. He probably hadn’t had a proper meal since the last time Stan cooked for him.

“What, me? Don’t be silly, it was a piece of cake.” Stan flexed his bare biceps for emphasis. “Pure muscle, baby.”

They continued to work on their food, bantering lightly a bit but mostly enjoying the companionable munching. Stan bit the inside of his cheek when he saw his brother sling some red sauce onto his best bathrobe. Ford just kept eating, either not noticing or not caring.

His lips and stubbly beard were also stained with the stuff, and Stan couldn't decide if he was dismayed or amused.

Well, he supposed that some things were just inevitable. Stan shrugged his shoulders and took another bite, not noticing that he also had added a new stain to his undershirt.

End Notes

If I wrote this again today, I'd have Ford put up more of a fight to get in that tub. (Since TBoB came out, I've been seeing fans on tumblr discuss the psychological reasons for why Ford could be, shall we say, occasionally shower-adverse.)

Another option would be to 86 the bath altogether and let Stan just huff those dirty pits.

Rereading my own fic after years was interesting, in the sense that I actually remembered it wrong. I remembered it being more kinky, more graphic, but it was actually fairly restrained (by my skewed standards) with an emphasis on cute banter and domesticity. I was single when I wrote this; obviously I craved marriage.

Anyway, I love stancest. I hope that everyone had a good 2024!

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